

hotter than sin (sweeter than heaven) by hopphorn

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Summary:

Steve's enrolls in a summer figure drawing class and finds himself captivated by a very attractive, and very naked, model.

1. draw me like one of your french girls

Author's Note:

- For [avengingbucks](#).

Posted as a prompt from @mulletgrove on tumblr, originally [here](#). To clarify: I reversed their ages; Steve is a senior in high school, Billy is nineteen. Also keep in mind, this is a modern AU. Hope you enjoy!

He's only there because he needs to get into Mr. Paul's drawing class next semester. Steve isn't an artist, but he's also not willing to sit through another year of college prep courses to fill out his schedule. And drawing was the only thing he could get into, with one caveat. He needed to not be *shit* at drawing.

So he'd signed up for a summer course at a local art college, bought some fancy pencils and sketched a few things around the house. They weren't bad. They weren't great either. He figured maybe a couple of weeks of drawing wine bottles and fruit would whip him into shape.

Walking into class, he realizes he's miscalculated. *Gravely*.

Instead of a table with some bowls and miscellaneous stuff cluttered around it, there's a chair. Next to it, a tiered platform covered with a blanket. Steve forgets how to speak when the teacher asks for his name and it takes him a few tries to croak out a *Steve*. His hands are a little clammy when he's directed to a seat, instructed to get some paper and pencils from the supply table.

He's sitting down at his little eisle when he hears the teacher greet someone and Steve looks over his shoulder. Instantly, he's wishing he hadn't.

There's a boy standing inside the classroom, dressed in jeans and a white t-shirt, his curly, blond hair tucked back into a haphazard bun. One side of his bottom lip is pierced and he's wearing just a hint of eyeliner and Steve is whirling around in his seat before he's caught

gaping. Not that he's the only one. The entire class is spellbound by the newcomer, who is guided towards a doorway as the teacher leans in speaking.

Steve knows what's happening, but hopes to god he's wrong.

"Ladies and gentleman!" The teacher says as the blond ducks out of sight into the other room, closing the door silently. "We're about to get started, if you would please find your seats."

The students loitering at the edges of the classroom do as instructed and soon everyone is sitting, easels arranged in a circle around the platform. Steve concentrates on not blushing, looking around the room at the rest of the class.

He's easily the youngest one there. Several of the other students are adults. Some are teenagers, but dress like they're older. Artistic, edgy. Steve feels like he sticks out in his simple jeans, polo and white sneakers. But no one seems to notice him or care and he sits in silence, wishing he'd just stuck to college prep courses.

"This is Billy, everyone." The teacher is saying, his smile wide as the blond returns. Steve swallows hard. Billy is wearing a maroon robe, the thing barely tied around his waist so that the material gapes wide at his shoulders, revealing endless skin all the way down to his hips. Steve looks away before he can see if the guy is wearing anything else, his face warmer than he likes. "Billy is one of our newest models, just moved here from California." There are a few murmurs of appreciation from some of the older students. "Let's show him what a talented bunch you are." The teacher finishes with a warm smile and he motions towards the platform.

"Are you opposed to standing?" The teacher asks Billy in a soft voice.

"No, that's fine." Billy's voice is deep and velvety and Steve ducks behind his easel to hide the blush that he can feel on his face.

"Alright, then....why don't you stand there and maybe...put a hand on your hip?"

"Can do." Is the low, smooth reply. Steve isn't looking. Steve can't do

much of anything except listen to his heart slamming against his chest. He can hear the groan of the chair, no doubt from the weight of being stepped on, and then the sound of Billy taking his place on the platform, the structure squeaking subtly.

“Alright class. Let’s do a quick drawing of this pose, a five minute warmup. Then we’ll let Billy sit when we do something longer.” The instructor is chuckling at the end and the students mirror him, as if everyone is in on the joke except Steve as he fumbles for a pencil.

“Appreciate it.” Billy is saying with a laugh on his voice and Steve involuntarily glances up at the sound.

From what he can see over his easel, Billy has shed the robe and is standing, shoulders back, atop the platform. Steve’s mouth goes dry as he takes in the view. Billy is, in a word, breathtaking. His muscles are pronounced yet somehow soft, begging into be touched under the miles and miles of sun-kissed skin on his body. Flawless skin. Steve can’t help but stare, stare and drink in every detail. His thick neck, his square jaw, dark lashes and brows, and blue eyes. Striking blue eyes.

Blue eyes that are staring back at him.

Steve ducks his head swiftly, closing his eyes in absolute mortification. He’d just been caught with his mouth hanging open like an idiot by the most beautiful man he’s ever seen. Beautiful and very very naked man.

“Five minutes, starting now.” The teacher says and Steve watches his neighbor pluck a pencil from her easel and begin. She glances around the obstruction, her face set in a passive expression that Steve envies, and she softly moves the pencil on the paper, shifting back and forth in her seat to see Billy and then look back at her page.

Steve takes a slow breath and then lifts his chin. Keeping his eyes down, he finds a starting point at Billy’s elbow, which is jutting out to his side as he props a hand on one hip. Steve doesn’t tilt his head too high, happy to keep Billy obstructed from the hips down, as he outlines the guy’s arm, moves up to a shoulder.

The teacher circles and looks over shoulders, which only adds to Steve's stress as he continues to map out Billy's collarbones, skirt across his chest.

He dares to look up at Billy's face and his stomach drops. Billy is watching him, blue eyes fixed on him from the middle of the room. Steve swallows, lowers his eyes to Billy's shoulders which he continues to sketch. Or fuck up, as it were. The lines become too rigid and he can't quite capture the gentle slope of his muscle and Steve grabs an eraser, starts to rub it on the paper.

"No no." The teacher appears behind him and Steve startles, losing five years off of his life. "There are no mistakes in a warmup. Keep going."

Steve nods and drops the eraser, his face burning as he pretends to continue until the teacher wanders away. His pulse is racing in his throat and his hands are sweating profusely as he grips his pencil. Spending as much time as he can on Billy's second arm, he doesn't look up until the teacher is on the other side of the room.

When he does, though, Billy is still watching him. A shiver races up his spine at the hint of a grin that pulls at one side of Billy's mouth. It's subtle, but it's there, just enough that Steve feels his mouth twitching to mirror it, smile back. He ducks his head before he makes a fool of himself.

"One minute." The teacher says with a lilt in his voice, a warning. Steve glances at his drawing, anxiety flooding his chest when he realizes his figure has no face. He looks over his easel at Billy for a moment, starts sketching his jaw and carving out his cheekbones. His hand moves faster, the sketch coming easier as he glances back and forth over the top of the page, memorizing the curve of Billy's lips in an instant to repeat it back on the paper. He glances at Billy's nose, puts it down; calculates the angle of his brow, feathers it in.

"Time."

Steve stops, realizes he's breathing a little faster, hands light with excitement when he sets his pencil down. The drawing isn't his worst, and probably not his best, but he's pleased with what he sees.

“How about you recline?” The teacher’s voice breaks Steve out of his reflection and he looks over the board.

Just in time to see Billy stepping up higher on the platform to drape his body across a tiered section. Steve bites his bottom lip to keep from making a sound as he gets a full, unobstructed view of Billy’s body. Head to toe, bronzed and bare.

“Yeah?” Billy asks the instructor, his brows high as he settles on the surface, and the man nods.

“Perfect. Good. Alright.” The teacher glances at his watch and Steve wonders if he might faint. “Let’s stick with this pose for the rest of class...which is about fifty minutes. Everyone ready?”

Steve can’t remember his name but he nods anyway.

“Begin.”

It takes Steve few minutes to collect his thoughts, to manage the rush of want that threatens to turn him a permanent shade of cranberry. He studies the pose, takes a moment to remind himself that he is an adult and should be able to look at a naked man without blushing like an idiot. But then his eyes inevitably fall between Billy’s hips and Steve’s pants tighten while his cock reminds him that he’s definitely into men.

“Feel free to measure with your pencils.” The teacher says out loud and Steve’s jaw snaps shut, brows shooting up as he looks around the room. The other students take the instruction as it was intended, holding up their pencils to use them as a reference, to help with ratio from eyesight to the page.

Steve doesn’t trust himself to try and measure anything. He finds the most uninteresting part of Billy’s reclined body, a foot, and focuses on getting it absolutely perfect. Then he sweeps upwards to an ankle, fills in the detail of bone and tendon and the start of muscle at the calf. The more delicate he brushes his pencil over the paper, the more accurate his strokes. He hones in on the contour of Billy’s skin, the movement of his shin as it subtly arcs into his knee.

"Good." The instructor says over his shoulder and Steve jolts in his seat. The man leans down, gently places a hand on Steve's arm and lowers his voice. "Don't be afraid to check your ratios." He murmurs, pointing to Billy's leg in the drawing. "Check if the length of his shin matches something else and use it to anchor your piece." Steve nods and the man stands, tapping him gently. "It's coming along nicely."

Steve is beaming at his little sketch of a leg like it's the best thing in the world. He's so pleased with himself, he forgets to check his expression before he looks up over his easel.

Billy is staring, his eyes making Steve's stomach clench. He's overwhelmingly direct in his gaze, eyes dark and pointed and unwavering. But Steve doesn't look away this time. Instead, he lifts one eyebrow.

Billy's eyes shift down, at Steve's easel, and then back up again, such a small movement nearly undetectable unless someone is staring into his eyes; like Steve is. He grins. Billy wants to see what he's drawn and Steve finds himself giddy with the knowledge. Lifting his pencil, he schools his expression and focuses back on Billy's knee, sculpts the bone and flesh until he's started his thigh. Thick and chорded and dusted in dark hair. He takes his time there, follows the lines of strength and shadows the hills and valleys created when the underside of his thigh is pressed against the edge of a step. Steve studies it before he draws, all the while avoiding Billy's eyes. He draws him as if he isn't aware of his gaze, but he can feel it there. Can feel it burning as he caresses each inch of Billy's skin with the tip of his pencil.

"Ten minutes."

Steve startles and his hand falters and he looks up out of surprise. Billy is smirking, ever so slightly, and Steve blushes. He'd gotten lost in his reverie and time had slipped by unnoticed. Swallowing, Steve glances at his drawing, glances at Billy's body, and forces himself forward.

The groin. The sex. The penis.

Steve thinks of as many politically correct and anatomically accurate

words as possible. The worst being male reproductive organ. All so he doesn't break out into a blush while he draws the soft, rounded shape of Billy's cock.

Cock. Steve closes his eyes behind his easel and fights off the word in his head. Fights off the images that are associated. He fights away the memory of having his cock sucked by Candice Thompson his freshman year and sucking Danny Finland's cock when he was a sophomore. Steve fights the sounds in his head away, the thought of Billy's voice saying *Yeah* with a silky bass.

He hurries past Billy's cock and is happily half-way up his abdomen when the teacher announces that time is up. Steve breathes, sets down his pencil, and stares at his work.

It is most definitely his best.

"Thank you, Mr. Hargrove." The teacher says and a few students clap. Steve watches as Billy stands, white teeth flashing in a stunning smile as he plucks the robe from the chair and steps off the platform. When he shrugs it on, Steve looks away, gathers his supplies and hurries to the table with the rest of the students. He takes his time sorting his different pencils back into the correct piles, replaces his eraser.

Then he makes his way back to his easel, a little disappointed when he notices that Billy is nowhere to be seen. Steve wonders if maybe he would model for their class again. He hopes he will.

He's unclipping his drawing when he notices pen marks at the bottom edge. Glancing around the room, he sees no one nearby with a pen and he leans down, a frown of confusion on his face.

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2. an adonis in recline

Summary for the Chapter:

This is the first time he's ever been labeled exceptional. Even as a kid, Steve was the child who showed up and tried his best and wound up with *Participant* slapped on a trophy. But this? This was the first time his name was above the rest.

He's nervous.

Worse than the sixth grade science fair and worse than that time he'd been forced to sing in the school play. The fear fluttering around in his gut is so much worse. It threatens to upheave the half a granola bar and seven cups of coffee in his stomach. He shifts on his feet, realizing that maybe drinking *seven* cups of coffee before a gallery opening was a bad idea. A really bad idea.

"You're bouncing around like a kid who needs to pee." Brenda murmurs to him from a few feet away, her bright pink lips shining under the fluorescent lights. Steve cracks with a breathy laugh.

"I may have chugged an entire thermos of coffee before I got here."

She laughs and Steve feels a weight lift off of his shoulders at the sound. Brenda shakes her black hair, blue and purple highlights mixing together when she does and arches one, artily applied eyebrow.

"You're such a stereotype." With her eyes, she motions towards the back of the art gallery. "Go, before Dr. Control Freak comes back." Steve nods and darts away, scanning for any sign of the curator. The small, balding man is nowhere to be seen as Steve ducks into a bathroom and hurries to use it.

This is the first time he's ever been labeled exceptional. Even as a kid, Steve was the child who showed up and tried his best and wound up with *Participant* slapped on a trophy. But this? This was the first time his name was above the rest.

The Governor's High School Art Exhibition.

Steve washes his hands and smiles to himself in the mirror, despite the butterflies in his stomach. He'd been one of two people from Hawkins selected to display their work, and at the Governor's invitation, no less. Steve clicks his tongue to himself as his father's scathing words pop into his head. "*Probably pays some intern to select the pieces for him.*" Steve likes to think that the man himself picks from the entries. Because he knows his piece is good. It's his best.

His very, *very* best.

Steve reappears beside Brenda just as Dr. Short and Flustered returns to their side of the gallery and positions them near their artwork, reminds them *yet again* to smile and keep their interactions with patrons polite and succinct. Steve wants to tell him *politely* that he's told them that before. At least four times.

But then the man is whirling away in a flutter of hands and high-pitched orders and the clock strikes eight. Eight o'clock.

And the doors open.

Steve holds his breath as people start to appear, walking up to displays and smiling, some saying nothing while others murmur politely to the artists. Brenda has three men surrounding her in moments, their eyes drawn to her neon painting. Steve glances at it and momentarily wishes he had the courage to paint like Brenda.

Her art is bold. Deliberate. She uses pinks and greens where others would use muted tones. The portrait she'd entered is of her girlfriend, and Steve thinks it's absolutely stunning. Kim is smiling over her shoulder, her lips a vibrant shade of purple while her skin is a shocking orange. It's close enough that you can see the details of her face, painted with care by Brenda's brush. You can see the freckles on Kim's arm, the dimples in her cheeks. More importantly, you can see the love in her eyes as she laughs, frozen in a picture that Brenda had pinned to her desk for months, memorizing, studying.

Steve had envied that photo as he envies the joy on Brenda's face as she chats about her subject. He knows her piece will sell quickly. It's

too much of an attention piece to let it sit in a gallery.

“Is he your boyfriend?” Steve is startled as a quiet, soft voice appears at his right. There’s a man standing next to him, eyes locked on Steve’s piece with appreciation.

“Oh.” Steve shakes his head and clears his voice softly. “No. No, just a model.” He tries not to blush as the men looks back at him, studies his face.

“You drew him so intimately.” He quietly states before he shifts his eyes back to Steve’s art. “There’s a lot of emotion in it.”

Steve swallows and nods, but can’t bring himself to stare like the man does. He doesn’t need to look to know what he means. He has the drawing burned into his mind. Has the pose inked on the back of his eyelids.

But he relents when the men motions for a friend to come see. Steve turns his head and looks at his own work.

Billy.

Everytime, like it’s the first time, his breath catches when he sees him. Splayed back on his elbows, legs slightly spread, eyes bewitching as he stares back. Steve can feel the heat in those eyes the same as when he’d held their gaze.

“Not a boyfriend?” The second man asks, his voice lilting with a thick, french accent. The first man shakes his head and they speak in quick, hushed french, hands fluttering as they articulate.

Anxiety starts to creep up on Steve again and he laughs uncomfortably and shakes his head.

“No. Just a model.”

“C'est exquis.” The second man breathes. “Exquisite.” He adds with a smile. Steve blushes and tries to maintain his composure as he politely thanks them and watches them go. Brenda is grinning at him when he looks over.

“What?”

“I told you, you’re going to sell first.”

Steve rolls his eyes as Brenda glances around the room and uses a lull in traffic to scurry closer.

“You drew a sex god, Steve. I don’t know what you were expecting.”

“Would you...” Steve knows his face is an alarming shade of red when he ducks to speak into her ear. “He was just a model.”

“He’s not real.” Is what she whispers back. Pointing one, black, polished nail at his drawing, she grins wide. “That isn’t a human being. That’s a full-blown, bow-down-and-worship, sex god.”

Steve is pushing her away before she can say more and Brenda cackles, which lures the eyes of several people nearby.

“Excuse me, I’m trying to be an adult and not ogle the artwork.” Steve hisses playfully when Brenda squirms from his hands. “You and your nonsense aren’t appreciated.”

“You’re going to sell to one of these thirsty dudes.” Brenda whispers but it’s not quiet. “And I’m going to win our bet.”

“I never agreed to any bets.” Steve said with a grin as he steps back to his display, crosses his arms. “So you’re going to win nothing.”

As a group of observers moves in, Brenda wags her eyebrows and Steve mouths *nothing*. Then they behave themselves and wear polite smiles while their work is scrutinized.

The minutes blur together and soon Steve is at ease, answering questions without hesitation. A few people ask him where he studied. A few others ask what college’s he’s planning to apply to. Generally, the experience has him beaming with pride and he’s animated and happy when he falls into conversation with a couple of fellow high schoolers who ask him about his college class. He tells them the story of how he hadn’t realized what *figure drawing* implied and he earns a round of laughs that light up the room. His piece becomes one of the more popular displays in their room of the gallery and Steve is

glowing when the crowd finally starts to thin.

A woman dressed in head to toe black comes in and hands Brenda a small, white label and Brenda flushes, her caramel complexion going red at the apples of her cheeks. Steve watches her stick the little label next to the name plaque below her painting and he smiles wide.

Sold.

“Told you.” He says when he slinks over, wrinkling his nose. “I win.”

“No.” She points a finger in his face, wiggles it around. “You said you never agreed to any bets so...you win jack.”

Steve snorts and gives her a quick hug of congratulations before he bounds back to his pieces as a couple enters their room. He puts on his professional face when they start to circle the room, looking thoughtfully at all the pieces, but when they reach him there’s a gasp.

“Oh my god.” A girl says softly, leaning in close to stare at Steve’s drawing. “Tommy—”

“Shitttt.” A boy with crazy hair, jutting out at all angles follows her lead, staring intently at the piece. “That’s Billy.”

Steve’s heart sinks to his toes and his mouth goes dry.

“Carol, go get him.” Tommy pinches the girl’s side and she giggles, pushes his hand away before she turns on a heel and starts for the exit. Steve’s blood runs cold.

“You...know him?” Brenda’s voice startles Steve from his horrified staring and his palms are sweating when he presses them into his slacks.

“Yeah!” Tommy is grinning when Brenda walks over. “He’s my roommate.” He lets out a little giggle. “He’s gonna be so stoked.”

“Wait.” Steve can feel panic rising under his skin, his pulse going wild. “He’s—”

“Oh my god, I *need* to meet him.” Brenda exclaims. “I can’t believe

he's real."

Steve can't believe he's having his biggest fear realized in under five minutes.

"Over here." The girl, Carol, is coming back, but she's not alone. She got Billy by the hand and she's dragging him through the middle of the room to cut over to where Brenda and Tommy stand in front of the drawing. Steve can't bring himself to look up when he hears her, his face so so warm he knows he's redder than a tomato.

"Dude, you told me you modeled but *damn*." Tommy says and Steve wants to die. He wants to melt into the floor and seep between the tiles and die. Dead.

"Wow."

Steve is incapable of keeping his eyes down when he hears Billy's deep, velvety voice. He'd only heard it a few times in the span of an hour, months ago, but it sounds exactly the way he remembers.

And Billy looks exactly how he'd seen him in his dreams.

His hair is down, unlike before, but that's where the differences end. His blond curls shine like gold in the light and his skin reminds Steve of long summers and days at the pool. He looks like sunshine personified with a dazzling smile and eyes so blue Steve is trying not to gasp as he stares into them. Blue and bright and breathtaking.

"Hi." Brenda thrusts her hand out in front of Billy and Steve swallows back a groan. "My name is Brenda and I'm a huge fan."

The laughter only eases the horror in Steve's gut slightly, but Billy doesn't seem the least bit bothered. He takes her offered hand, kisses the back of her knuckles, and grins so slow and predatory Steve can feel his heart throbbing in his neck.

"Pleasure to meet you, Brenda." He purrs. Tommy is shaking his head and cackling, an arm slung over Carol's shoulders.

"I didn't think you were real." Brenda states plainly, batting eyelashes that definitely *aren't* real. "But holy damn if Steve didn't

nail you right on the head.”

Steve wants to nail Brenda right on the head. With a legit hammer.

“Yours is better.” Steve blurts, a little louder than he means to. “Brenda sold her piece already.” He motions with an arm, which turns Tommy and Carol around. They’re immediately complimenting her painting, asking her a hundred questions about Kim and how long it took her to paint it, and Steve breathes a little easier. Until he notices that Billy isn’t following them over to Brenda’s painting. He stays behind, slips his hands into the pockets of his leather jacket.

Steve takes the opportunity to get a better look at him. He’s wearing jeans again, only this time they’re tighter and make Steve’s mouth water with the urge to see him turn. Under his jacket is a simple white tee and Steve swears he wears white to accentuate the tan of his skin. Because he looks incredible in white. Downright perfect.

“I see you cut off my number.” Billy says with a little smirk, nodding towards the drawing, and Steve swallows.

“I didn’t think I should leave it—”

“You never used it.” Billy interrupts, stepping closer. His tone is smooth, not angry or upset, and Steve almost wishes it was. He’s being *nice* about Steve chickening out and never calling him.

“Billy!” Tommy is calling from over by Brenda’s painting. “You gotta come see this, man. Doesn’t this remind you of Vicki?” He’s pointing and his eyebrows are raised in expectation and Steve is disappointed when Billy steps away.

“I like it.” He says, glancing at Steve’s drawing. “You’re good.”

“Thanks.” Steve is murmuring as Billy walks away, his heart sinking as he goes.

Steve’s painting sells twenty minutes before the end of the night and he’s almost disappointed that he won’t be taking it home with him. But the proceeds go to charity and he knows it will never be displayed in his parent’s home. It would stay hidden away. They

wouldn't want a reminder that their son isn't completely straight, that his tastes stray from the heteronormal that they hold so dear.

Still, he feels a little sad when he puts the SOLD sticker next to the name plaque. It's just a drawing and he knows that. But after the night's events, so much seems to be pulling at him when he stares into Billy's eyes. So much missed opportunity.

He should have named it, Steve realizes as the night comes to a close. "Untitled" doesn't do Billy an ounce of justice. Standing before the piece, he takes his time staring at it before he has to leave it for good.

"Shit, I wish I'd called you." He mutters to the picture; he speaks quietly despite being alone in the room for the first time all night.

"You know, the number still works."

A shiver runs down his spine as Billy appears in the doorway to the room, leaning on the frame. He doesn't turn to look and eventually he hears footsteps on the wood floor, bringing Billy closer.

"I didn't think I had a chance." Steve says to the drawing, his eyes fixed on Billy's daring eyes. "You were so hot and confident and hip." Billy moves close enough that his scent hits Steve's nose. He smells like coffee and cologne and just a hint of smoke and Steve struggles to remember what he was saying. "...I'm just a senior in high school."

"Explains why I never see you on campus." Billy replies. Steve finally turns around and gives him a weak smile.

"I figured you probably thought I was older."

"I did." Billy confirms. "But I would have still asked you out."

Steve is dumbstruck. He opens his mouth but immediately closes it again, speechless. Billy's gaze slides to Steve's lips and he's grinning when he looks back at the drawing again.

"You keep looking at me like that and it makes me want you all over again." He says softly, eyes still fixed over Steve's shoulder. Steve blinks, struck even dumber, if that were possible. He gulps down a mouthful of thick saliva before he says the first thing that pops into

his head.

“I can’t stop looking at you, because you’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” He breathes, his heart slamming against his ribs as he speaks. Billy’s smile goes slack as Steve continues. “I never thought you’d be interested—”

“Oh I’m interested.” Billy interjects, stepping so near Steve can feel the warmth of his body radiating through his skin. “Here’s the thing, Steve Harrington from Hawkin’s High School...” Steve’s body vibrates from the sound of his name on Billy’s lips, then laughs from the way Billy had very obviously memorized the plaque under his picture. “...when I walked into that studio, you were all I could see.”

Steve whines, softly and in the back of his throat, but whines nonetheless. Billy takes it as an invitation to step closer, so he does, and Steve’s back meets the wall as Billy cages him in. “I’ve been naked in front of dozens of people, posing for the figure studies, but I’ve never wanted someone to look like I wanted you to.”

“Oh, I looked.” Steve whispers frantically, nodding his head. “I looked.”

“No, you didn’t.” Billy grins. “You hid and kept your eyes away and I wanted to walk across the room and sit in your lap.”

“Jesus.” Steve whimpers and his hands are shaking when he pins them to the wall. “Why me?” He pants, convinced he’s dreaming as Billy moves in close, their breath mingling.

“You’re the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen.” Billy repeats Steve’s own words back to him. Then he’s leaning in and Steve happily lifts his head to meet him.

Billy’s mouth is soft when their lips meet and the kiss is dry, chaste; but then Billy lifts his hand to Steve’s jaw and uses the pad of his thumb to press against Steve’s chin. Without hesitation, Steve opens his mouth and Billy’s tongue slides in. The moan that escapes Steve’s lips is explicit and wanting and it’s swallowed by Billy’s kiss as he sucks on his tongue, licks into his mouth. Steve clings to the front of Billy’s jacket, pulls on the leather to drag him closer, drowning in

Billy's taste.

When they part, Steve's head falls back on the wall and he breathes like he's been running. Billy looks as blissed out as Steve feels as he reaches for his face, cradles Billy's square jaw in one hand.

"Wanna grab coffee sometime?" He asks softly; his heart is racing but not from nerves. Billy grins with red, red lips and it's the prettiest thing Steve's ever seen.

"Definitely."

3. from what i've tasted of desire

Summary for the Chapter:

Since the art show, he's been dying to see him. To be close to him again. They'd kissed a handful of times the night of the show and Steve has thought about it ever since, found himself daydreaming about soft, warm lips.

Notes for the Chapter:

SO THERE'S ART NOW. the wonderful and amazing [@gabbia](#) has drawn model!Billy TWICE. And I'm in love. View them [here](#) and [here](#) and leave them love PLEASE.

More will follow, I promised more naked Billy. You will receive more naked Billy. Enjoy! ♥

Yanni's is a small cafe just minutes from the high school and within walking distance from the art's college. Steve and some friends frequent the place during their lunch hour, smoking cigarettes on the patio and using their lunch money on lattes to fit in with the older kids on campus. They all envy them, in their torn jeans, dyed hair and tattoos. Yanni's is a glimpse into the lifestyle Steve craves. *Freedom*. Freedom to show up to class reeking of beer or the freedom to show up with a coffee and hot scone. The freedom to do his homework at one of the little tables inside rather than at his parents' dining room table.

The freedom to meet a date in the afternoon for coffee.

Steve twitches at a table by the window, watching everyone on the sidewalk outside. He'd been almost ten minutes early, which had put him in the awkward position of waiting. And waiting. His nerves were shot by the time 2:00 rolls around and Steve checks his watch for the sixth time. His free period ends at 2:35 and he contemplates skipping the rest of the day if it means more time with Billy. Billy the older, gorgeous, college guy. Billy, the boy of his dreams.

He grins to himself when he thinks about all the texts he and Billy had traded for the past few days. Since the art show, he's been dying to see him. To be close to him again. They'd kissed a handful of times the night of the show and Steve has thought about it ever since, found himself daydreaming about soft, warm lips.

Outside, he sees a figure jog across the street, blond hair wild, and his heart skips a beat. He fiddles with his shirt, which is new, and his hair, which is perfectly styled. He'd checked in the car a couple times. But the moment Billy strides through the front door, Steve's not nervous anymore, because the grin on his date's face makes him melt; his brain quiets and his skin hums. Billy sweeps the cafe quickly and his eyes flare when he finds Steve, teeth flashing with a sizzling smile before he crosses the room with long steps.

"Hey." He says casually, like it's everyday that Steve meets him here. That they've been doing this for years. Steve blushes. He can't help it; there are at least three other people watching Billy walk to his table, eyes tracking him like a meal.

"Hi." His hands flutter over his jeans and contemplates standing. Standing to hug him? Standing to kiss him? It doesn't matter, Billy leans down and kisses him soundly on the mouth, lips cold from the chilly air. His mouth lingers, presses, but isn't pushy. The ring in his bottom lip makes Steve shiver a little, the cool metal a stark contrast to Steve's warm lips. He wants to catch it in his teeth, lick his tongue over it. But the kiss is simply a sweet greeting.

Steve knows he's positively beaming when Billy pulls away.

"That okay?" The blond asks quietly, like someone might overhear. The answer is obvious but Steve laughs softly anyway.

"Yeah. Very."

Billy's smile is radiant.

"Need a refill?" He eyes the cup on the table and Steve shakes his head, smiling sheepishly. It's his second refill already, in a little under ten minutes. Billy nods and steps away. "Back in a sec."

Steve feels silly watching him walk to the counter. Feels silly watching Billy order and pay and chat kindly with the girl behind the register. He stares, unchecked, at his date and his stomach swirls. He's wearing nearly the same outfit he'd been wearing the day they'd met. Jeans, a simple white t-shirt, simple sneakers. But his hair is down, which Steve likes. He loves, actually. The long, golden curls make his fingers twitch to touch, to sink into their waves and caress.

Billy saunters back and Steve shakes himself out of his stare. He feels foolish for living up to the role of infatuated teenager but one look at Billy's warm smile makes him swoon all over again. The guy's face alone is a show-stopper and Steve wonders how someone so beautiful exists in real life, not just paintings and drawings.

Setting a plate on their table, Billy slides into the chair beside Steve instead of the one opposite and it makes Steve flush warm under his sweater.

"I was surprised you could meet me during the day." Billy says. "I get busy with stuff in the studio at night, sometimes my only free time is before class."

"Yeah, I have a period free." Steve feels dumb the moment the words leave his mouth and he swallows down a bitter gulp of hot coffee out of spite. "God, I want to be done with high school." He grumbles into his cup. Billy elbows him gently.

"It's almost April. You'll be done soon." He grins. "Then you can meet me for coffee all the time."

Steve stares into blue, magnetic eyes and wants to promise a lot more than coffee dates.

"I hope so." He blushes as Billy holds the eye contact, lifting his mug to his mouth. It's everything Steve can do to keep from staring at his lips when he sips the sweet-smelling drink. "Do you have class soon?" He asks to keep distracted and Billy nods.

"Sorta." He closes one eye in a sinful wink. "I've got a figure drawing class booked at 3:00."

“Oh, that’s cool.” Steve’s stomach clenches as he recalls, with clarity, what that means. His eyes fall to Billy’s white t-shirt before he can stop them and he immediately looks away. But Billy’s soft laugh draws him back.

“Fuck, you’re cute.” He breathes. “You’ve seen me naked and you still blush like that.”

“That was a class.” Steve points out, both hands on his cup, as if maybe the warmth would make his hands less clammy. “And I was totally *not* expecting the naked part.”

“Seriously?” Billy snorts, propping an elbow on the table. “You didn’t realize figure drawing was—”

“Having a staring contest with a beautiful, naked guy...no.” Steve says with an arched brow. This time, it was Billy’s turn to blush, the apples of his cheeks turning a light shade of pink.

“Was I staring?” He murmurs softly, taking another sip. “I try not to make eye contact usually, end up zone out during those things...” Billy shrugs a shoulder, leans in close so Steve can smell the coffee on his breath. “You made that difficult.”

“Me?” Steve wrinkles his nose. “How?” Billy’s eyes fall to his lips and instantly the room seems to go silent, like everything has fallen away to leave them in solitude.

“You nibbled your lip when you’re concentrating.” He purrs. “And licked it when you...studied.”

Steve swallows, his face going hot.

“You really were watching me.” His voice is timid and he clears his voice, trying to shake the enamored haze. “Wow.”

“Like I said...” Billy leans back and sips his drink. “You made it difficult *not* to stare.”

“It’s funny.” Steve comments as Billy sets his cup on the table, pulls his plate closer. “None of my other drawings were nearly as good as yours.” He chuckles when Billy raises an eyebrow.

“Really?”

“Yeah, they were all okay. But yours...” Steve shakes his head and sips his coffee to keep from embarrassing himself. “It was my best. Still is, I think.” He sighs a little and traces a small scratch in the wood table top. “Kinda wish I’d kept it.”

“It sold?” Billy asks as he rips his scone in half. Steve watches him break off a little piece before he pops it in his mouth.

“Yeah, uh, someone bought it last second.” Billy makes a face that says *wow* but Steve wants to tell him he’d rather have the drawing. He’d taken a picture with his phone yet somehow the image isn’t the same. “It’s kinda cool, I guess.”

“Yeah it is.” Billy taps the back of Steve’s knuckles with the tips of his fingers. “You know how many artists try to sell and never do?”

Suddenly Steve feels like an ass. He nods.

“Never thought of it that way.” Billy’s eyes are so striking, Steve almost forgets what they were talking about. “Have you sold anything?”

Billy nods and rips off another hunk of scone.

“A couple of pieces here and there.” He eats the bit of scone and gestures to the plate. “Want any?” Steve is about to say no when Billy tears off another chunk and holds it out. “Maple oat. It’s the best.” He nibbles on his bottom lip, the ring there glinting, and leans closer. “Trust me.”

Every inch of his skin is tingling when Billy taps his chin with one finger and lifts the piece of scone to his lips. Steve opens his mouth obediently, heartbeat in his throat while Billy slowly pushes the pastry through his parted lips. The pad of his thumb brushes over Steve’s bottom lip as he pulls away and Steve watches as the blond pops it into his mouth, sucking the tip like Steve had left a delicious trace.

“Good?” He asks.

Steve forgets he's supposed to be tasting the scone on his tongue. All he can focus on is Billy's mouth and how badly he needs to know how it feels against his own again.

"Mmm." Is the only intelligent sound he can manage. Chewing it slowly, he isn't surprised when the sweetness makes his mouth water. It's good. It's *really* good. He tries to remember what they were talking about before he'd been swept up in the tide that was Billy Hargrove. "What kind of pieces?" He asks, remembering that Billy had mentioned sculpture in a text. "Like statues?"

Billy shakes his head, tears off more scone and eats it. When he tears off another section and holds it out, Steve takes it before Billy can feed it to him. Another move like that and he's not sure if he'd be able to keep his hands off of him. Billy seems to know this and he grins, watching Steve with sparkling eyes.

"I mostly work with metal." He clarifies. "Stuff from scrappers that I can get for cheap. Junk. Then I make it into stuff." Billy shrugs like it's no big deal but Steve suddenly can't breathe.

"You're a blacksmith?"

Billy laughs, full and warm. It's a beautiful thing to see and Steve wishes he could snap a picture. Capture it.

"I'm not making swords or horseshoes, no." Billy grins but Steve shakes his head.

"But you use a forge, right?"

"That or a blowtorch..."

"Blacksmith." Steve states simply. "Fuck, that's hot." He breathes without a thought. The second it's out of his mouth, he and Billy are both laughing.

"Pun intended." Billy winks. Then as suddenly as their laughter began, it ebbs and Steve senses the urge to reach out tingling in his hands. He wants to map out Billy's body with his palms, feel each curve of muscle and plane of skin.

“Would you let me draw you again?” He asks softly, like he’s asking for something intimate. A kiss. A touch. But if he only ever got to look, Steve would be the happiest man on the globe. He is certain of that.

“We talking quick sketches or lengthy study?” Billy teases him and Steve all but moans, his blood heating with desire. He’d be anything but quick with Billy. No, he’d study every single inch with deliberate delay.

“Whatever you give me.” He replies, then shakes his head. “Jesus, that sounded desperate.”

“No.” Billy’s hand stretches out and he presses his thumb to Steve’s chin, holds his jaw. “Not desperate, passionate.” Leaning in, Billy closes the distance between them and seals their mouths together in a kiss that makes Steve shiver. It’s hot and a little wet and he’s grabbing at Billy’s neck to pull him closer.

It takes him a second to remember they’re still in a coffee shop and other people exist in said coffee shop. Steve pulls away reluctantly, leaving Billy’s mouth red and wanting.

“Yeah, you can draw me.” Billy murmurs, his voice so husky and deep Steve wants to climb into his lap and lick into his mouth. Steve smirks, wiping a little spit off of Billy’s bottom lip with a thumb. Catching his wrist, Billy holds him there and nibbles on the finger before he releases it.

“This weekend?” Steve breathes, his stomach fluttering with nerves.

“It’s a date.”